

# Semi-Weekly Interior Journal.

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Semi-Weekly Interior Journal

W. P. WALTON, Editor and Proprietor

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A Mixture That Doesn't Mix.

"Blue and gray" mixed makes a sky-blue color very much like the monkey painted his tail, and the freaks of the blue boys and the gray boys, when they meet and mix, especially when they mix, have a good deal of "monkey-shine" in them. The blue boys speak the finest pieces that were ever heard—nothing to compare with them in the "Columbian Orator," or "American Speaker"—but they no sooner speak than they forget all about it and go straightway to Washington and find an old crippled rebel in gray in some small office, or a rebel widow or orphan filling some insignificant place under the government and demand that he or she be turned out to make place for some "boy in blue" who served his country well and draws a handsome pension, which the crippled rebel has to pay. Plenty of good words come from that side, but the actions, "which speak louder than words," are all the other way. The thing is becoming so monotonous that we are getting quite tired of the "blue and the gray."—[Richmond (Va.) State.

Dentistry in the United States.

There are now about 17,000 dentists in the United States, and they peek into the teeth of the American people about a ton of pure gold and five times that amount of less precious metals (tin, silver, platinum, etc.) annually. Now, these metals are worth \$1,000,000 and will take only about 350 years to bury all the coin in the United States in the graveyards, (another feature in favor of cremation). There are 4,000,000 of artificial teeth made in the United States annually, yet only one-third of the people avail themselves of this blessing. Perfect teeth are to be found in the mouth of only one American in eighty, the dental organs of 79 being more or less affected. This state of affairs will never improve till mothers are to bear children with perfect teeth and preserve them intact until the off-spring is 20 years of age.—[San Francisco Scientific California.

DECEASED WIVES' SISTERS.—The House of Lords lost an opportunity to pass a really liberal measure. There can not be said to be much popular demand in England for marriages with deceased wives' sisters. There are cases, however, where its illegality causes real hardship and there are no cases where its legality could work any harm. Lord Dalhousie has advocated it with extraordinary zeal; the Prince of Wales and his brothers have taken sides with him; the public, so far as it cared for the bill at all, has pronounced in its favor. Yet the Bishops have chosen to oppose it and the Peers have thrown it out. It is one more notch which the English nation will set against the Bishops and the Peers.

Something of an idea of the enormous bulk of silver accumulated in the Treasury Department may be given by the statement that it weighs upwards of 2,000 tons of 2,000 pounds each. It would require 500 cars to transport it, allowing ten tons to the car, the ordinary car-load. No wonder the Department finds trouble to obtain storage room for the money that won't circulate. If the useless coinage goes on much longer Congress will need to adjourn to some other city to find room for its own great men.—[Philadelphia Times.

The good folk who have gone into the country for quiet and rest and to get rid of the annoyances of city life will read the following sad lines with tears of sympathy: "Dot musquiter was a grade bird. He was vun of dose peccoliar gases dot ven you got him he don't vas be dere. Id vas always youst the same vay. Ven you shlap him you always shtrike dot black dot he vas youst left already. He vas got a fine voice, doo, und ven he sings you some leedle songs you don't could vent to sleep for more as a couple of hours already."

In North Brazil there are no professional dressmakers, the finest ladies usually making their own costumes. When a man buys his wife a \$2 dress he doesn't have to give her \$10 to get it made. There are some things in North Brazil worthy of imitation in this country.

**Blue-Grass Beauty.**  
The women in this part of Kentucky have gorgeous nature to build on and high art to improve it with. When the Bona Dea, out of her bounteousness, makes a Blue-Grass woman, she takes care never to spoil the job. A soft, white, warm body, translucent with divine light and curving to lines of beauty as naturally as the tendrils of the vine, is the groundwork upon which nature limns the human angel. Eyes softly bright, but luminously intense; cheeks like the damask rose, with buttercups of dimples, in whose honeyed heart sly Puck or Oberon might sleep; lips like ox-heart cherries at the centre, but flexible as a smoke-wreath and fading away into the soft cheek like the heart's blood of a strawberry into luscious cream; a chin fairly fashioned as the golden apple that blushing Paris gave to Venus, who trembled with delight at taking it; the brow of Juno and the bust of Hebe; the sea nymph's pearly ear, the wood-nymph's springy step—these are a few of the charms that nature gives the maiden of the Blue Grass.—[Soule Smith in News Journal.

**Clever Trick.**  
A new horse-stealing swindle is being worked in Texas. Two fellows watch the columns of the newspapers for stray notices. As soon as they learn that a ranchman has taken up a stray animal, one of them visits the place, examines the horse minutely and says it isn't his. The other pal, being posted by the first, then goes to the guileless ranchman and describes the animal he has lost, which description tallies so exactly with the one the ranchman has taken up that he thinks the stranger must be the owner and gives it up without further proof. Then the supposed owner talks about the distance to his home, &c., and finally offers to sell it at about half its value. The unsuspecting ranchman often bites at this opportunity and after he has gloated over his bargain for a few days, the real owner comes along, proves his property and leaves the victim where Joseph was.

Ever since the close of the war, the people have borne needless and most grievous burdens of taxation, which have kept the millions poor, indeed, while the millionaires have fattened on their substance. A patient and long suffering people demand a release from these burdens so far as their duty toward the support of the government will permit. They want fewer office-holders and less machinery in office; in other words, that the government shall be administered with that simplicity which the theory upon which it is founded contemplates. With offices lessened in number, there will be less of corruption, less of that opportunity which made possible the Whisky Ring and permitted men high in power to plunder the Treasury through the medium of Star-route contracts.—[Courier-Journal.

COMPRESSING SHAVINGS AND SAW-DUST.—A Chicago company is building machines for "consolidating" various waste products into compact blocks for use as fuel. Saw-dust, shavings, &c., from saw and planing-mills are pressed into moulds so that from 400 to 900 cubic feet of the loose material are compacted in less than 40 cubic feet of blocks of convenient sizes and forms to be used as fuel. The danger from fire is lessened, room is saved and a better fuel produced, which may be used on the premises or economically transported to a distance. An enormous quantity of saw-dust is now worse than wasted that might be made of commercial value by this process of moulding it under heavy pressure into convenient blocks.—[Philadelphia Ledger.

Oren Cleveland, who died in Cleveland the other day in the 99th year of his age, was never sick a day in his life until he received the fall which caused his death. He had voted for 19 candidates for the presidency and was the oldest "drummer" in America having spent the greater portion of his life as a traveling salesman.

If Lexington girls only knew what to do is made of they wouldn't "chomp" it with so much satisfaction. Ugh! just think of a Lexington belle chewing old gum shoes, slaughter-house gristles, stale tallow, rotten beeswax and black molasses boiled together!—[Transcript.

The London Truth has the following: "May I ask you why you left your last place?" innocently inquired a charming young *novelle mariee* of the showy-looking woman who offered herself as a cook. "Madam, may I inquire why your last cook left you?" was the reply.

"WORK FOR JESUS."

Motto of the Waynesburg Sunday-School.

[Published by request.]  
From Waynesburg's woody hillside,  
Farth from each rural hamlet,  
From many an humble dwelling  
To meet you here we come.  
Our Sunday-School comes greeting  
All who are here to-day,  
God's blessing on our meeting  
And on our country pray.

We bring our children praying  
Christ to take them in His fold;  
May no sweet lamb be straying  
On mountain bleak and cold.  
Young men and happy maidens,  
With hearts so light and free,  
Old age with souls joy-laden,  
Come to this jubilee.

Purchase you've heard the story  
Of Waynesburg's past renown;  
Of friends and fighting glory  
That oft disturbed our town;  
Where drinking, cursing, riot  
Were borne upon the air,  
And even the Sabbath's quiet  
Was desecrated there.

But Christ with wondrous kindness,  
Such love and mercy free,  
In pity for our blindness  
Caused us our sins to see;  
And when those sins were coming  
He cleansed them by His blood,  
We felt the heavenly blessing  
Come o'er us like a flood.

And now we work for Jesus,  
And strive to do His will,  
And oh! what loving kindness  
O'er every heart doth fill;  
Working in love together,  
Learning His blessed word,  
And teaching to our children  
This gospel we have heard.

Old whisky, Satan's ally,  
We've fought and put to rout,  
His distilleries can't rally,  
His fires are dying out.  
And now, as he grows bolder,  
Let us all united stand,  
With shoulder unto shoulder  
And drive him from our land.

For we for Jesus labor;  
If our nation's wrongs we right,  
If the welfare of our neighbor  
As our own we keep in sight,  
If we own the world as brothers  
And our duties never shrink,  
With shoulder unto shoulder  
Will not Jesus own our work?

And while each heart rejoices,  
We give you all to praise  
Our Savior with our voices  
For all His wondrous ways.  
With love for all abounding,  
Let us speed the good time when  
We'll hear His sound reminding—  
"Peace on earth, good will to men."

[Composed and read by Mrs. J. T. CURTIS at the Highland 4th of July Picnic, 1883.]

For more than forty years what is known as "The Sun Cholera Medicine" has stood the test of experience as the best remedy for looseness of the bowels ever yet devised. As was once vouched for by the New York Journal of Commerce, "no one who has this by him and takes it in time will ever have the cholera." Even when no cholera is anticipated it is an excellent thing for the ordinary summer complaints, colic, diarrhoea, dysentery, &c., and we have no hesitation in commending it. Here it is: Take equal parts of tincture of cayenne, tincture of opium, tincture of rhubarb, essence of peppermint and spirits of camphor. Mix well. Dose, fifteen to thirty drops in a wineglass of water, according to age and violence of the attack. Repeat every fifteen or twenty minutes until relief is obtained.

BRIDGE FIVE MILES LONG.—Those who are talking of the Brooklyn bridge as the most wonderful work of the kind in the world, should remember that China has a little affair at Lang-gang, over an arm of the China sea, some five miles long (the Brooklyn bridge is hardly a mile), with three hundred arches; over the pillar of each arch reclines a lion, twenty-one feet long, made of one block of marble. The roadway is seventy feet wide, a generosity of space quite in point in cities building death-traps on bridges.—[Springfield Republican.

Religious editors are compelled to answer a great many foolish questions. Some one asked a poor, overworked minister, who did not spend his summer "abroad," but was kept in his editorial chair by the glue of impecuniosity, if Joseph ever played billiards. The answer was near at hand. "We don't know Joseph. When we were in Egypt he was dead and his family were out of town."

A Norwich family hastily pulled down the curtains and looked the doors when they saw some rustic relatives coming; but nothing daunted, the farmer baited his old horse on the sidewalk, put his women folk on the veranda and waited ten hours, at the end of which time the besieged ones capitulated.

A Brooklyn Baptist church expelled a member, who has appealed to the court for a mandamus to compel the church to reinstate him. A novel idea that member must have of a court which would "mix in" with church squabbles, as it were.

A bald citizen of Dayton, Ohio, wears constantly on his head in hot weather a dampened piece of fly paper. It keeps his skull cool and fills his soul with sweet revulsion.

Texas has a surplus of \$3,000,000 in her Treasury.

THE NEW HAND.

"He's a little awkward at some things, but willin'," said Farmer Bryson, as he and his worthy mate sat in family council on the day's events, according to their wont.

The topic was George Dyer, the new hand Mr. Bryson had hired that day with something less than his usual circumspection; for it was not his custom to employ chance comers, of whom he knew nothing, without reference. But it was the throng of the season, and laborers were scarce, and the young man had an open, honest countenance, a supple, well-knit frame, and didn't look a bit lazy. So the farmer took him on trial.

"I don't think he's ever done farm work afore," continued Mr. Bryson; "his hands don't look like it. But he's amazin' quick at takin' up things. He don't need more'n a wink to take a hint."

"And he's downright good lookin'," added Dame Bryson, stopping to take up a stitch she had dropped in her knitting.

"The first virtue in a woman's eyes, of course," retorted the farmer, with a bantering chuckle. "But there's more to him than good looks, I can tell you. He's got a head full of sense. You know what a knowledgeable chap Hiram Gooch sets up to be. Well, he come along at reslin' time to-day, and tackled the new hand on the labor question. Dyer fought shy at first, but when Hiram crowded him, he just turned on him with a few keen points which Hiram said he hadn't time to answer then, and it's my opinion it'll be a long time afore he will."

"I wonder what keeps Nora," said the farmer's wife, looking anxiously at the clock.

"I guess she's stoppin' awhile to chat with Neighbor Dutton's gals," replied the farmer. "You know how it is with youngsters. But where's Dyer? I'm almost sorry I spoke up so thoughtless to Nora about bringin' that money Farmer Dutton promised to send for the oats. I think Dyer's all right, but one can't be too particular with strangers."

"I've no fears on the new hand's account," Mrs. Bryson answered; "but that ill-lookin' tramp that had his supper in the kitchen was just givin' out of the front gate when you spoke to Nora, and he may have heard you."

An anxious look came over the farmer's face, and, donning his hat and taking up a stout stick, he sallied out.

The evening shades had gathered, and it was almost dark when Nora Bryson left Farmer Dutton's to return home. Her path lay through a lonely wood, and she felt a little nervous as she hurried along, starting now and then as at occasional rustle broke the stillness. She had completed nearly half the way, and was wishing the other half safely finished, when a sound of hurried and stealthy steps, as she imagined, approaching the path a little in advance, and as if from one side, arrested her attention.

The next moment a man's form blocked the way. Nora would have turned and fled, but fright overcame her, and she stood trembling and speechless.

"Give me the money you have about you!" commanded a voice, coarse and brutal.

"I—I have no money," Nora managed to falter. And she spoke truly, for Farmer Dutton had not been ready to send the amount she had been commissioned to receive, promising to bring it over himself in a few days.

"It is false!" the man growled savagely; and when Nora repeated her denial his rage became ungovernable.

"Give it to me instantly or I'll kill you!" he hissed through his clenched teeth.

Nora uttered a faint cry and turned to flee, but the man's hand gripped her arm like a vise, and, with a shudder, she felt the cold muzzle of a pistol pressed against her temple!

With the quickness of a flash another figure appeared upon the scene, and two well-directed blows, delivered in so quick succession that they must have seemed to their recipient as one, sent Nora's assailant sprawling to the earth. She was conscious of no more till she found herself supported by a strong arm with the dim outlines of an anxious face bent over her.

"Do you feel better, Miss Bryson?" inquired a voice, which she instantly recognized as that of the new hand.

"Yes, I feel quite well now," she answered, in a tone full of unspoken thanks.

"How fortunate your presence was at so critical a moment!" "I heard what your father said about the money," he replied, "and observed that it was overheard by a suspicious-looking person passing out at the gate, and, knowing the way you were to come, I thought it prudent, without alarming others, to keep watch for your safety."

"How can I ever sufficiently thank you?" returned Nora, earnestly, only now remembering to dispense with the support of Mr. Dyer's arm, of which, for at least a minute past, she had ceased to have any need.

It was at this point that Farmer Bryson came bustling up.

"Let me secure the villain!" he cried, when Nora and George Dyer had told their brief story.

George Dyer grew rapidly in favor with all the members of the farmer's family, and not least with Nora. Indeed, she and the new hand got on famously together. Nora, though a farmer's daughter, had a mind better trained and better stored with knowledge than many a boarding-school graduate; and George Dyer, though a farm laborer, seemed to have been an extensive and thoughtful reader—so that there was a wide field of subjects for the two to converse about. History, fiction, poetry—they discussed them all by turns; and, we may be sure, in their numerous evening walks and talks, they found time to speak of other matters of more immediate personal concern.

George Dyer had been staying on the place nearly three months when Hiram Gooch, whose farm joined her father's, came out plump and plain one day, and asked Nora would she be his wife—to which Nora as plumply and plainly answered that she wouldn't.

At the first knowledge of this the farmer was a little vexed. Not that he thought Nora and Hiram particularly suited to each other, but then the two farms were, and Nora was an only child. But Farmer Bryson was far too kind a father to think of forcing his daughter's inclinations.

"If Nora doesn't want you for a husband," he said to Hiram, when the latter laid the case before him, "I don't see how I'm to help you."

And, when Hiram hinted at the extent of a father's authority in the matter of family government, the farmer answered that, since the Declaration of Independence, he thought there were a good many things in which family government, like other governments, derived its just powers from the consent of the governed.

It was but a little while after that another suitor for Nora's hand presented himself before the farmer—no other, this time, than George Dyer, the new hand.

The farmer opened his eyes pretty widely.

"Have you spoken to Nora?" he inquired.

"I have."

"And what's her answer?"

"A consent, subject to your approval."

The farmer drew a long breath and looked grave.

"Marryin's a serious business," he remarked. "Now, you bein' only hired hand, is it goin' too far to ask how you expect to support a wife?"

"I have no misgivings on that score," replied the young man, with what the farmer thought an air of over-confidence.

It turned out that he was a wealthy young man in disguise, and referred to Mr. Wrayton, the banker, who wrote a letter in his favor.

"What's this, you dog?" exclaimed the farmer, as the letter dropped from his excited fingers. "Nod Wrayton says you're his nephew, worth half a million of your own, beside what he's goin' to leave you, and that he knows nothin' very bad about you!"

"Oh, George!" cried Nora, with a half-frightened look, "how could you deceive us so?"

"Well, my little one, you see I caught a glimpse of you on your visit to the city last winter, and, wishing to know if I would like you as well on close acquaintance as I did at first sight, I took my own way of finding out."

"And with what result?" was the question earnestly asked by Nora's eyes.

"Have I not asked you to be my wife?" was the answer whispered softly in her ear.—[Judge Clark, in New York Ledger.

The influence of women in journalism in the United States is far greater than appears on the surface. The fact that there are sixty papers and periodicals openly edited and published by women gives but a very small fractional idea of the extent of their connection with journalism. The number of female contributors to all classes of papers and magazines is not known to the general public, and not always even to the publishers, from the fact that in the highest class of periodicals they frequently adopt male noms de plume, while many others form part of the editorial staff of influential journals, where, as personal contributors, sex is not recognized.

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T. W. Eagle, of Mississippi, O., informs us that Brew's Expectant cured him of a very bad cough after every other medicine had failed. To be had of Penny & McAllister, Stanford, and W. M. Weber, Mt. Vernon.

Miss Ellen Mace, of Brooklyn, L.I., says her physician gave her up as a hopeless consumptive, but four bottles of Brew's Expectant cured her. To be had of Penny & McAllister, Stanford, and W. M. Weber, Mt. Vernon.

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## Valley Corn Shellers,

## Evans' Corn Drills, Hand Corn

## Planters,

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Commercial College of Ky. University, Lexington, Ky.



In enumerating the many great achievements of the republican party, Col. Morrow, in his speech invariably spoke of them as what "we" have done. He seemed to forget that while the republican party was legislating to give the negro the right of suffrage, after it had given him the right of American citizenship, that "we" (that is he) opposed it with all his might and main and in the Senate of Kentucky on January 22, 1866, was moved to offer the appended resolution, among others, to the body. Had his wishes prevailed, the negro would not have been a voter to this day; but as he has been made one, he smilingly submits to the inevitable and begs the self-same African to help him out of a bad box. Will he assist in increasing the vote of one so illiberal or let him look solely to his white friends for support and thereby come out of the little end of the horn? We shall see. But here is the resolution:

6. Resolved, That the Congress of the United States has no power, under the second section of the thirteenth amendment to the Constitution of the United States, to pass any law granting the right of suffrage in the States to persons of African descent, and that we are opposed to granting suffrage to persons of that class by the State.

BECAUSE of the foolish jury laws which practically forbid the empanelling of intelligent men, those that read and take an interest in what is going on in the country, the Nashville court was two weeks trying to get a jury in the Polk case for stealing \$400,000 from the State Treasury. Over a thousand men were examined and the twelve men at last obtained are the most illiterate set that ever filled a jury box. Some of them can not read and none of them were able to sufficiently understand the questions asked them. They are just the kind of men always obtained in an important case and must be till there is an improvement in the law. The trial is bound to end in a farce with such men to pass judgment. It is a singular fact that just as the case was about ready for trial, it was discovered that the ledger containing the alleged false entries in the Treasurer's office, and which was to play an important part in the great trial, had been stolen. There seems to be a good deal of rottenness around the Capital of Tennessee and it will come out later that Polk is not the only thief and scoundrel connected with the establishment.

WHILE the western papers are exulting on the advantages of Louisville, Cincinnati and Chicago, as places for holding the democratic National Convention, the New York Sun advocates Saratoga, because every body likes to go there, and it has hotel accommodations ample for any crowd that would assemble. It also suggests "to the National Committee, who have the matter in their hands, that the Convention should not be held at too early a day. There is no advantage in launching prematurely into the heat and labor of the canvass. Montgomery Blair, one of the wisest public men we have ever known, has always been of the opinion that the first of September is quite early enough."

GEN. WAT HADIN, who has been sent to head off the roaring, ranting Billy O'Bradley, may be pretty well up in figures and able to prove that the Celtic gentleman lies willfully and maliciously in regard to the State finances, but we hardly think he will do it. Our Billy is a slick-tongued fellow and quite plausible, and in an argument generally holds his own if he has to stretch the blanket to do so. We would, however, like to see Joe Blackburn shake him around in his teeth a few times, to take the conceit out of him, as it were.

ALTHOUGH every body who has given the matter a moment's thought admits that our present Constitution is a document too ancient and too contracted for the demands of the age, it is the hardest thing in the world to get a majority of the citizens of the State to vote to revise it. An effort will be again made at the next August election, when it is hoped that every voter will place himself on record in favor of the revision.

COL. MORROW called attention to one fact that can not be gainsayed, that is, that it costs the State 20 per cent. to collect her revenue. This is an outrage, especially when we consider that the Federal government pays less than three per cent. for the same work. Our next Legislature must look into this matter. Ten years ago we paid but 14 cents on the dollar and that was far too much.

HENRY WATTESON is out in another long article to prove that Tilden is entirely out of politics, "in every regard a disinterested, healthy philosophic patriot and statesman; taking a deep interest in affairs; as eager for his friends as a boy; who would not exchange Greystone for fifty Executive Mansions."

THIS has indeed been a year of great casualties, attended by immense loss of life. The New York Herald publishes a list of the most important ones, and two columns of solid matter is required to hold it. The number killed to the 1st of July foots up 2,895.

THE State troops have been again called into requisition, this time to protect the dirty negro rapist during his trial at Maysville. The Emmett Guards have him in charge.

#### NOTES OF CURRENT EVENTS.

—The mortality in New York last week was 1,110.

—Orange Judd, the New York publisher, has resigned.

—There were 59 deaths from yellow fever at Havana last week.

—Joe Brown killed John McClure with a rock near New Haven, Ky., Saturday Old feud.

—Two negroes served on the grand jury in Simpson county last week and made excellent members.

—The number of watches manufactured in the United States daily is 2,450, or 735,000 yearly. Their value is placed at \$36,750,000.

—According to Wiggins, Friday July 20 is to be the hottest day of the summer, while Vennor predicts frost on the 21st and 22d.

—The Frankfort Daily Commonwealth sleeps the sleep that knows no waking. The Daily Enquirer is to succeed it under a new management.

—The internal revenue receipts will fall off fully one-half during the current fiscal year. The customs receipts since July 1 have averaged about \$1,000,000 for each business day.

—The Court of Claims in Fayette fixed the pay of the County Judge at \$1,400; the Attorney, \$850; Poor-house keeper, \$450; School Commissioner, \$400; others ranging from \$200 down to \$75.

—Ex-Commissioner Raum made a long argument before Commissioner Evans to show that "Rock and Rye" is medicine. Mr. Evans was not convinced, however, and reaffirmed his decision declaring it a beverage.

—The L. & N. R. R. will sell tickets from all points on their lines to persons attending the Morgan Reunion at full fare one way and 1 cent returning. The Cincinnati Southern fixes the rate at half fare from all points and we suppose the K. C. will do fully as well.

—Last December a young lady named Euphrasia Niles disappeared from her home in Carroll county, Ga., and a few days since her body was found in a stream near her father's house. Evidence points to a foul outrage and a former suitor named Garvitt is under suspicion.

—The democrats carried their State ticket in Ohio last fall by a plurality of 19,000, but their absolute majority was only 1,559. In October next they will elect Hoadley. But, in view of its past history, it will still remain true that Ohio is not a good State for the democrats to tie to or take their candidate from in a Presidential contest.—[N. Y. Sun.]

—Eleven thousand telegraph operators through their representatives demanded of the company an increase in wages and modifications in their hours of work. Forty-eight hours will be granted for reply, and in the event of a refusal to comply with their demands, the operators will go upon a strike. They are supported by the Knights of Labor, a powerful organization, in their demands.

—Chas. E. Stratton, known to the civilized world as Gen. Tom Thumb, died of apoplexy Sunday at Middleboro, Mass. He had been slightly indisposed for several days, but was not thought to be in a serious condition. Tom Thumb had traveled the world over, and seen, perhaps, millions of people who regarded him as a great curiosity, though there are a number of dwarfs smaller than he.

#### BEYOND THE OCEAN'S WAVE

"PRAISE THE LORD"

1 CROFT PLACE, HASTINGS, SUSSEX, JUNE 15th, '83

Dear Editor,

(Continued from last issue.)

We seem destined to see the seaside in all its variations. To-day the wind is coming in strongly from the west—almost a gale—and the foam-crested breakers are chasing each other in a mad race to break upon the beach. A few venturesome bathers are playing in the rough surf and a few bold rowers and sailors are out in boats, little and big; but the unused craft are drawn up in scores upon the shingle and the boatmen almost forget to tip their hats with the stereotyped "Boat sir, to-day?"

knowing how little use the question is. How changed is every thing from yesterday! The sea has many varying moods, and these shifting phases make life on the beach the very opposite of monotonous. Enjoyable as it all is, however, we shall be obliged to return to smoky London and the work there.

One thing that strikes us with increasing wonder, because so contrary to expectation and experience at watering places, is this: Hastings is the place of all others in which to get things cheap. The shops are really handsomer than London ones, because there is no smoke and grime to soil in this cleanest of cities. And the little things, where one would expect to pay a round price, because at a fashionable watering place, can be had at very moderate rates—cheaper than London. Necessary of life about ditto. Apartments a shade dearer. Except for the temptation to spend at every turn and the drain on the purse for bathing and bathing, this would be a good place for economical sojourners.

strange as the assertion may seem. Strawberries are coming into market, freely, now, and within reach of moderate means. We tasted them yesterday, for the first time, at 1 shilling and 4 pence the quart, our appetites being uncontrollably sharpened by a letter just received from "Uncle John" at the Pink Cottage, telling us that they were picking 5 and 6 gallons a day, at that well-known horticultural establishment.

In the hillside just back of our house are the St. Clement Caves, that we explored yesterday evening. Partly natural, partly artificial, with intricate ramifications, covering a series of great antiquity, discovered accidentally by one digging a summer house in the soft sandstone cliff, 76 years ago; the age and uses of the strange apartments are only matters of conjecture. Smugglers ancient and modern undoubtedly utilized the admirable places of concealment for contraband goods. One fairly authentic inscription is dated 1601 and is the name of a well-known daring Danish smuggler of that day. But either they were pious smugglers and "kept their light" like the old darkey of a former letter, in spite of unlawful practices, or the caves have been in days gone by the hidden retreat of early Christians. One room, with a rough statue of a man in churchly vestments, seems to have been a chapel; and an excavation at the side capable of holding 20 or 30 barrels of water, seems to have no use but that of a baptistry. Our good Baptist brethren may add this to their already formidable array of facts in support of the practice of immersion. But the history of the place will perhaps never be known. It is a very curious and interesting place.

Beyond the stout, stone sea-wall that runs along the esplanade in front of the city, protecting the bank from further encroachments of the sea, there is a strip of about 50 yards of the loveliest pebbly beach, formed of smoothest, cleanest gravel stones, small and large, washed into rounded forms, where the children play to their hearts' content and on which rows of neat boats are drawn up and long lines of great-wheeled bathing shanties stand in bright-painted array waiting to be used. Bathing clothes and towels, held down by a few pebbles from being blown off, are here conveniently dried, also. The mystery of these pebbles is that though undoubtedly thrown up by the sea, there seems to be none left in the water, for one treads, in bathing, upon nothing but the smoothest, softest sand. And all these pebbles are pure flint when broken open, though looking like anything from the outside. Famous sling-stones they must have been in the olden times. Not bad grape shot would they make now.

The shrimp fishers are pushing their shallow but wide-mouthed bag nets before them, whenever the tide is out, and we get the finest of these delicate crustacea fresh from the sea at a price we should be glad to duplicate in London. I forgot to say that our boat when we took our long and delightful row out to sea yesterday, was appropriately named the "Nellie," the very name of George's "Norwich" sweetheart.

We enjoyed it all the more for the sake of the dear girl, whom we all took a great fancy to, as well as George, while sojourning in the "Rose of New England." We shall hunt for a "Rose" the next time we row out and then Marie will be set up, for she too lost her heart in Tennessee, and the attachment, which I am happy to say, has my heartiest approval, abides in increasing strength. These are my girl's guardian angels and I hope will keep "the men" off until we are all safe in heaven, where "there is neither marrying nor giving in marriage," and anxious fathers no longer look at their grown girls with foreboding fear, lest some unworthy hawk of the masculine persuasion should swoop down upon their dove-cote and bear away the dearest and loveliest in his talons. I shall be very glad if Acts XXI:9 shall be true of me and mine, reading two for "four." That is one text, of all I have quoted, that will be looked up by the dear creatures who read these lines, bearing the name and nature of women. And no blame if they do I am sure. I am only stating facts. A chromo sent to any one abstaining from the search after the passage, unless previously known, if due notice be given, accompanied with affidavit.

Will, ever adventurous, tried the treacherous sea this morning with an Esquimaux "Kyk" and got back without a ducking, highly pleased with the double paddle and unwonted buoyancy of the frail bark. He served an apprenticeship on Dix river, in company with Will Penny and Jim Barnes in the boating way, which serves a good purpose now, though then only one disaster following another in the boat-building business. A delightful letter from our "Cox" Belle yesterday mentions the fact that Will has stuck out a dentist's shingle and while waiting for the coming practice, proposes to pull her teeth at a low rate, whenever he meets her. We laughed immoderately at this, and were in Stanford again at a bound, as Maria went on with other items of home interest. O, these home letters! How delicious they are! That is the only word. Shall not these Hastings letters bring a harvest from those who read them? Am I to do all the writing? "I speak as to wise people. Judge what I say." Ever in Jesus,

GEO. O. BARNES.

JUNE 16th.—Last night the dear LORD gave a precious meeting, that quite blotted out the memory of the previous evening's disasters. Twelve dear souls confessed the Savior and the room was full. Several ministers present, who seemed to take kindly what I know was startling to some of them. And I will just say for the English clergymen whom I have met, that they seem willing to listen and are disposed to receive scripture proof without anger, even when it bears hardly upon their cherished opinions. I have been very agreeably disappointed in them thus far. May this sort of disappointment deepen as the days go by. How it would rejoice my heart if the ministers would only receive me kindly and fairly. I am not entirely weaned from clerical yet.

This (Saturday) morning the girls and Willie resolved to go boating again, though the wind was very fresh and the "white-caps" studded the green waters. Will took the "kyk" again and played Esquimaux, while the girls confided their persons to an

old salt to whom they had taken a mighty fancy. "Square-built, hearty and strong, with an odor of ocean about him," who, in his bluff, sailor way, had so won them with persuasions of the excellence of the sea and sky for boating, that a bargain was struck, and the old fellow hurried them aboard. Not fancying the looks of the sea and sky from the beach and struck out for the great East Hill, upon whose green sides furrowed with many paths of pilgrim feet, I have been casting longing eyes ever since our arrival. We live on the West, or Castle Hill. The whole coast hereaway is a succession of these bold headlands, with romantic vales between and perpendicular cliffs jutting out upon the ocean, varying in height. Ours, I should say at a rough guess, is fully 500 feet. The view from the East Hill is magnificent—much the finest about Hastings, I think, because it takes in a wider sweep of the channel. I counted 8 ocean steamers at one view, outward or homeward bound, besides great numbers of small and large sailing vessels—50 at a sight, perhaps. The floating clouds made great patches of black in the vivid green of the channel waters; white caps on every where on the waves; flocks of crows sailing at a lower level than the cliff's top, made the air resound with their orthodox "caw," as if they were engaged in their logical discussions where a wide divergence of opinion had developed itself; the gulls at sea took up the quarrel in the distance and screamed in concert; while the thunder of the great waves on the black, beachless rocks at the bottom of the precipice told out the story, ever true, that underneath all this caving of crows and chattering of gulls, there is a steadfast rock of eternal granite—Truth—against which even the waves of the mighty ocean dash only to break themselves into mist and foam. I am glad of that. Praise the LORD for it!

There is a coast-guard station on this hill. A mast and yard, with ropes and pulleys furnish facilities for any emergency. Smuggling is done away with—no rifle of old—but the coast is watched by day and night with a jealous care, as if the Spanish Armada was in the offing. Sailors from the various men-of-war are drafted for coast-guard service, as reward of merit, 12 years' service at sea being a sine qua non to appointment; so the man-of-war's man on duty this morning said. He was an honest-looking Scot with tattooed breast and arms and shaggy beard, and a gentle grown eye with a twinkle of fun in it. The orthodox blue flannel shirt ever open at the throat, and white canvas trousers, tight in the knees and flowing at the ankles, completed the *tout ensemble*. He was a sort of a christian too and we had a pleasant word about our mutual hopes before we said good-bye.

Beyond the East Hill, crowned with dark ferns, yellow-blossomed and thorny, and adorned with buttercups, daisies and dandelions, sprinkling the green grass everywhere, there rises another headland, covered with farm-houses and cultivated fields. Against its rough side there are a lot of targets arranged for volunteer rifle practice. On Mondays the volunteer artillery corps practices at a mark floating on the water about a mile from the shore. They were hanging away on the evening of our arrival and we quite enjoyed the miniature bombardment with solid shot and shells bursting with loud explosion and fragments scattered over the sea many hundreds of yards. This is the only way I care to hear or see the work of gunpowder, which does so much mischief in the devil's hands.

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#### Garrard County

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#### LANCASTER ADVERTISEMENTS.

B. F. WALTER, SURGEON DENTIST, LANCASTER, KY.

Office over Citizens National Bank. Office hours from 9 to 12 A. M. and from 1 to 5 P. M.

SAM M. BURDETT, ATTORNEY AT LAW, LANCASTER, KY.

Will practice in Garrard and adjoining counties and in the Court of Appeals. [1st-1yr]

H. C. KAUFFMAN, ATTORNEY AT LAW, LANCASTER, KY.

Master Commissioner Garrard Circuit Court. Will practice in all the Courts of Garrard and adjoining counties and in the Court of Appeals.

Notice of Incorporation!

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, John K. West, J. V. Cook, R. H. Tomlinson, John H. Woodcock, Wm. H. Kinnard, J. F. Sandifer, H. C. Herring and R. M. Burdett, have this day incorporated themselves, under Chapter 56 of the General Statutes, under the corporate style of "The Garrard Female College." Their principal place of business is in Lancaster, Ky., and the nature of the business is the establishment and maintenance of a College for the education of females.

The amount of capital stock is one hundred thousand dollars (\$100,000) with privilege to increase the amount, to be paid in upon such terms and in such installments as the Board of Trustees may prescribe, after 30 days' notice and after \$5,000 shall have been subscribed. The corporation commences this day (June 29, 1883) and shall continue 25 years. The affairs of the corporation are to be conducted by nine Trustees, to be elected annually by the shareholders on the 24th Wednesday in June each year after the year 1885; the incorporators to be Trustees until the 24th Wednesday in June, 1885. The Board of Trustees shall elect annually a President, a Secretary and a Treasurer. This corporation shall not at any time subject itself to a greater indebtedness than the sum of \$5,000, and the private property of the stockholders and incorporators is to be and is exempted from corporate debts. This 29th day of June, 1883.

JOHN K. WEST, JOHN H. WOODCOCK, R. H. TOMLINSON, J. V. COOK, WM. H. KINNARD, J. F. SANDIFER, H. C. HERRING, R. M. BURDETT.

129-3w

#### Landreth's

##### Garden

##### Seeds

In Bulk, and the

Nicest Line of

FURNITURE

In Lancaster at the

"ENTERPRISE GROCERY,"

LANCASTER, KY.

Proprietors

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